



# Tattersall's Club Magazine

*The*  
OFFICIAL ORGAN  
OF  
TATTERSALL'S CLUB  
SYDNEY.

Vol. 12. No. 9. 1st November, 1939.



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SYDNEY

Established 1858

# TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

*The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club*  
157 Elizabeth Street  
Sydney

Vol 12.

NOVEMBER 1, 1939.

No. 9.

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•

*Treasurer:*

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•

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TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

On the third floor is the only elevated Swimming Pool in Australia, which, from the point of view of utility and appearance, compares favourably with any indoor Pool in any Club in the World.

The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 30th December, 1939, and Monday, 1st January, 1940.

# The Club Man's Diary

Many happy returns to Mr. John O'Dea on November 22.

*Oh, genial sun, on such a day  
Shine bright on genial John O'Dea;  
A friendly word he's quick to say.  
He's always gone the friendly way.  
Firm in his faith, and fond his  
heart,*

*Fearful of none he's played his part;  
High is his purpose, true his creed:  
A friend in need, a friend indeed.*

\* \* \*

Look elsewhere in this issue for the programme of the club's annual race meeting set for Randwick on Saturday, December 30, and Monday, January 1. Note also that the New Year festival and dance will be held in the club room on Saturday, December 30. As this is always a popular function, it would be wise to make reservations early.

Owners and trainers will be happy about the fact that the club, in keeping with its policy of increasing prize money, when and where possible, has added £1,000 to the £6,000 last year. So is Tattersall's Club held in good faith by the men who go racing. Its meetings invest Randwick with the colour and the consequence of big occasions. They have entered into the history of headquarters, earning an assured place.

\* \* \*

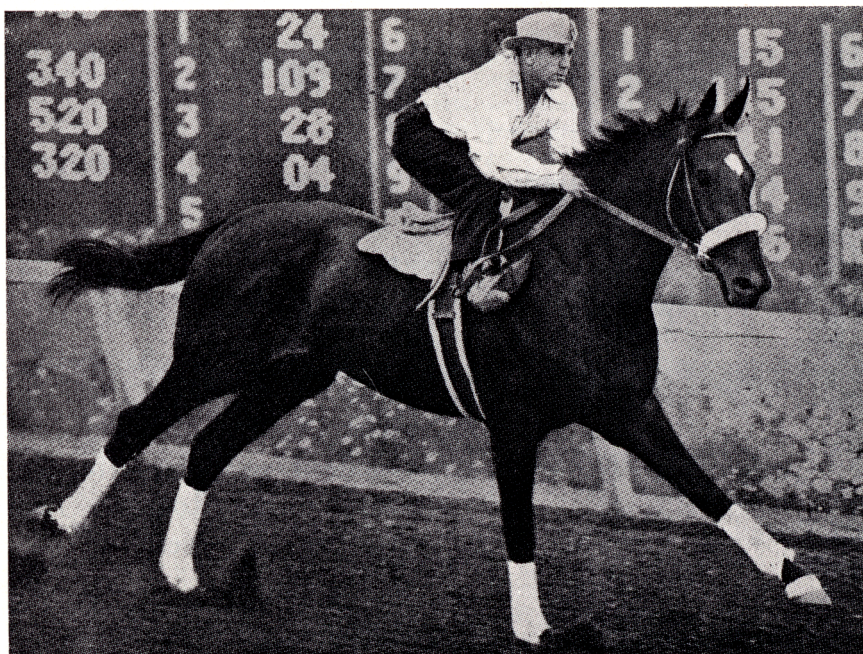
The Melbourne Cup is a race in which the speedy sprinter finds no quarter. It is a race for champions; a two-mile race with the champions top-weighted. To win a Melbourne Cup is like winning an English Derby; it means a Royal turf victory and, generally there is a fortune attached to it.

Some may look back to the days when Archer won the first Cup in the sixties; then, on to the gallant Carbine, and Poitrel, Windbag, Peter Pan. All these and others belonged to the real aristocracy of racing. Their achievements will always dazzle us, however far removed in time, for history is enrichment of all that has passed and has been rated worthily.

Following on reports in the press of punters enriched by Spring doubles, I have been intrigued by the general public's association of money with happiness, according to comment heard on all sides. They think that henceforth care, even responsibility, has been banished from the lives of those estimable fellows who collected. I hope they prove right. Still, it is wrong for anyone

right people, to cling to the old conventions of chivalry and courtesy, and to seek the cultural awards not assessed in money's tokens.

That may be an old-school philosophy stacked up against a new-world technique. Yet money buys very little of any account in the realm of real recompense. Who, for instance, may purchase friendship?



*The mighty Kayak II., winner of the 50,000 dollar Hollywood Park Gold Cup, is pictured above during a workout at Bing Crosby's Del Mar, California, track.*

to heel over to the gusts of good fortune, even in others; to get the crazy idea that with so many thousands they may purchase happiness and a philosophy in alignment with the right outlook.

The wisdom that comes with experience, and a finer assessment of values has proved that we got really nothing worthily to equip us in life out of the luxuries of boyhood—such of us so favoured. Things that have counted more are traits of inheritance or acquirement by which in maturity we have been able better to deal squarely with all, to trust the right people and be trusted by the

Who may put a price on happiness? You won't lose anything by sparing this thesis a little thought. Something in it might not previously have entered into your calculations.

\* \* \*

*My idea of the thoughtful wife is one who has the pork chops ready when her husband comes home from a fishing trip.*

\* \* \*

Mr. Bill Booth's recent illness had many inquiring and wishing sincerely for a speedy recovery. Latest report was that the veteran trainer was on the mend. That is great news.

All the Shore boys seemed to be on familiar nodding terms with my companion at the Great Public Schools' Athletic Championships at Sydney Cricket Ground, Mr. H. C. Bartley. He greeted them all by their Christian names and was able to pick them out on the field without referring to a programme. How come? Well, it was "Mick's" strapping son who stroked the classical Shore eight to victory in the latest Head of the River. And what a race that was!

\* \* \*

Thousands knew the late Joe Wangenheim; thousands more knew of him. For a little fellow he bulked big in affairs, sporting and theatrical particularly. They and those associated with them were his life's interests. The friendships he formed were enduring. The older they grew the greater he revered them. This modern habit of assessing a man for his worth at the moment was alien to Joe's instincts. He didn't bother to think what he might get out of a man through the latter's ability to pull strings, to influence favours. Nor did he dodge anyone if he drifted in the market. Look over the A.M.P. and you will see: "Amicus certus in re incerta." That, Joe Wangenheim might also have adopted as a motto.

So it is sad to think that Joe won't walk into the club any more in his physical presence; but we will feel his warm personality about us. We'll remember his generosity, his charity of speech and of heart.

Those were spacious days when Joe was associated with Bill Kelso in the racing game; when he was entrusted by New Zealanders to enter and to scratch their horses in Sydney; when he was responsible for those wonderful harbour outings for theatricals, at which he grilled the steaks and boiled the potatoes in salt water; when the world had time to pause from money-making to get more out of life than money can buy. The simple grandeur of Joe Wangenheim was that a changed world hadn't changed him. He won't be forgotten because he forgot nobody, least of all the needy. Up till the time of his death he provided a weekly dinner for old theatricals down on their luck. It

was like one man in the audience applauding a memory; but it was Joe's way of living the full life, and preserving so much of the past that he cherished.

Joe Wangenheim came of pioneer stock. His grandfather, who married a Miss Hart in the early days,

In the patriotic cause, Tattersall's Club will render what service as lies within its power for the duration of the war. The committee, at its latest meeting, furnished practical evidence of this policy by adopting unanimously the following resolution:—

"Resolved that the net profits from the club's race meetings during the war be donated to patriotic funds, hospitals, and charitable institutions, at the discretion of the committee."

The committee decided also that the club should be represented by a stall at the pageant to be held in Sydney on December 1 in aid of the Lord Mayor's appeal for the Patriotic and War Fund. The club's effort must be worthy of its standing in the community and of its fine record in functions of this kind. Toward that end members may assist by making donations of goods to equip the stall. Such gifts delivered to the club will be gratefully received and duly acknowledged. Every little helps when everybody helps. The cause needs no stressing, and so we shall be pleased to hear from you. Address communications and gifts to the Secretary.

and went to live at North Sydney, one day was asked by his bride to row across to the city and buy a cow. He stopped at an open-air auction sale in the city and bought the cow—as he thought. It turned out that a property near David Jones' old store had been knocked down to him. From that original investment he built up a fortune.

Mr. Jack Wyatt, who paid a gracious tribute to the memory of Joe, told me that in other years Joe's father kept an hotel in Castle-reagh Street, near Hunter Street. A palm tree grew from the street through the verandah. Joe's father had a facility for sketching. Draw-

ings of sportsmen of the day littered the walls of the hotel.

When Joe was 13 years of age—about the year 1880—he saw from the fork of a tree in the Botanic Gardens the great Palace Gardens building go up in flames. His mother, a remarkable woman of business, lived into the nineties.

Joe was one of the veterans of the club in terms of membership. He was elected way back in 1894.

\* \* \*

Another whose passing set members sorrowing was Jack Samuel, who had been elected to membership in 1893—really, in the era of the old century as we know the changed and changing world to-day. Talking to him of that period was like opening a rare old volume. Mr. Samuel was elected an hon. life member in 1932.

Jack Samuel had a lion-heart. His older friends in the club will tell you that when Jack was in his hey-day he was noted among Sydney's toughest fighters—if and when. Yet he had in his make-up a generous gentle streak. He was intensely loyal, and capable of service that often spelt sacrifice.

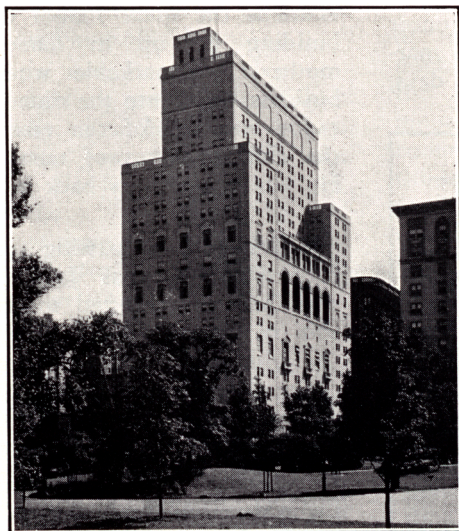
Someone who remembered him in the old days told me that while Jack was still a young man his father became afflicted by blindness. The son thereupon gave over much that he relished in life to tend his father. The hearts of men were touched by that evidence of fealty.

The greatest of the horses owned by Jack Samuel was Mooltan. Were he alive to-day he would have made the headlines as "The Mighty Mooltan." How Mr. Samuel came to buy him for 500 guineas—a remarkable purchase—how he was beaten in an Epsom by Melodrama by a head, but won the Metropolitan; how he was beaten in the Melbourne Cup half a length by Apologue, whom he had beaten previously in the Metropolitan, were facts set out in a story published several years ago in this magazine.

Mr. Samuel placed the greatest three horses in his experience: Phar Lap, 1; Carbine, 2; Abercorn, 3. He said that Phar Lap was a freak. There was little difference between the other two.

(Continued on Page 5.)

## NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB



Ladies are admitted to the restaurant, only, at the Club House in New York any evening after 6 p.m. and Sundays after 1 p.m.; and to all Privileges, except bedrooms, at the Country Club House at Pelham Manor at any time.

The New York Athletic Club extends a special invitation to the members of TATTERSALL'S CLUB to avail themselves of the facilities of the Club Houses in the City of New York and Pelham Manor.

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# CLUB MAN'S DIARY

(Continued from Page 3.)

"Carbine's Melbourne Cup is always hailed as an epic of the turf," Mr. Samuel said. "I remember best of all his victory in the Sydney Cup, carrying 9 stone, as a three-year-old. Carbine toppled over on to his nose at the four furlong post, but recovered and won from Abercorn and Melos. A marvellous performance!"

When Jack Samuel joined Tattersall's Club, Mr. George Hill was chairman. Mr. Hill was the owner of Marvel, which met Carbine in a mile race and a two-mile race on the one day. Marvel won at the shorter distance. Fancy two champions to-day clashing twice on the one afternoon!

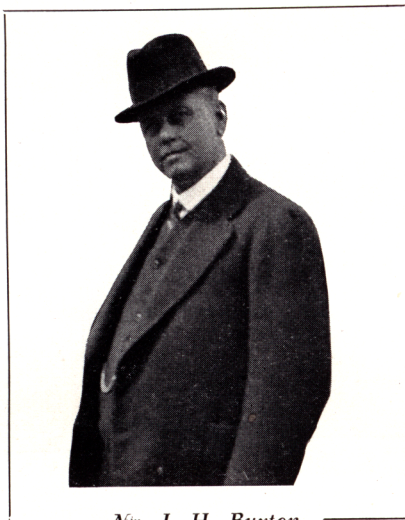
\* \* \*

Mr. Frank Underwood had the misfortune again to break his arm. When it mends this time—and speedily, we trust—it's up to Fortune to give the good fellow a decent "break." Have you ever appraised Frank Underwood in terms of sporting history? His active and administrative parts in so many sporting activities would make up into a classic volume.

\* \* \*

Capt. J. R. Patrick's keenness for air travel—he holds a pilot's certificate—is shared by his wife. After seven months abroad, they made a rapid journey home recently, including a flight across America from New York to Vancouver, which covered 3,000 miles in one night. They boarded the 'plane at 7 p.m. and arrived at their destination at 9 the next morning. Journey to Sydney was made by boat.

In an age of "spectacular figures" the late Mr. James H. Buxton belonged to the older school of sound and silent men. He remained in that sense a contradiction of modern "success." His accomplishments were not represented by fancy terms but by solid facts. Nobody ever styled him a "magnate". Yet he measured up to all that title



Mr. J. H. Buxton.

epitomised. Without the direction-finding text-book gadgets of to-day he always found his way. He was never in need of a publicity lamp-lighter. His life was a fulfilment of all that was laudable. Nothing about it was mean or ill-conceived. It was a life all the better for the living because a man like Jim Buxton had lived it. He passed with the thought and, probably, the vision, of friends in legion and friendships enduring to light his way to the Better Land.

Mr. Buxton joined the Club 30 years ago; served as a member of the committee from July, 1920, until August 1924, and was an honorary life member at the time of his passing—an official compliment bestowed for loyal and signal service. Fellow members who knew Jim Buxton intimately recall his charming friendliness, his readiness to hear and to weigh the views of others and the sturdy front he put up for what he regarded as the best policy in the interests of the Club.

As a reminder of the toll taken by time, let us call to mind the personnel of the committee round about the time of Mr. Buxton's membership of the committee:—

Mr. James Barnes (chairman); Mr. Joseph Nelson (treasurer); Messrs. Thomas Crothers, Albert H. Cohen, Charles Crowley, George Wood, M. J. Kinnane, S. J. Monie and Tom Hannan, members of the committee.

Of all that gallant band Mr. James Barnes alone remains with us—the last of the Mohicans; a personality in which liveth all that was colourful in the epoch of the departed braves.

I am reminded, too, that those who nominated Mr. Buxton for membership of the Club were Mr. Matt Cranney and Jack Beales, who also have passed.

\* \* \*

Mr. William Danaher, who died during October, had been a member of Tattersall's Club for the past 13 years. He was a well-known bookmaker in Brisbane and his happy personality won him esteem everywhere.

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# Rural Members

*Mr. Leslie B. Coward, of Birriwa Station, Birriwa.*

Meet Leslie B. Coward, of Birriwa Station, Birriwa.

Leslie comes from a long line of pastoral pioneers and is carrying on the high traditions associated with the name.

In bygone years the Coward brand has been known and respected all over the world among wool interests and is likely to continue long after many of us have ceased to worry about worldly affairs.

Apart from Birriwa there was the Lissington Station, which covered so much acreage of the Bourke district that going round would require much patience and abundance of time.

"L.B." knows all about the famous jumbuck and his merino stud was founded on Bundemar blood. From this famous stud our worthy has purchased many high-priced rams and has thereby assured continuity of quality clips in the years to come.

A member, and a virile one at that, of the Bligh Picnic Race Club, Les. has done his share and a bit more toward providing entertainment for his fellows while his colours have hit the front at the right time on many occasions, to the great delight of a huge body of associates and friends. Leslie is as popular in

the sporting sphere as in the business world.

Apart from his New South Wales interests, attention is focussed on the Bierbank and Warbeccan properties in Queensland and in the home State besides the station mentioned there is "all that part and parcel of land" known as Dunn's Plains, in the Bathurst district, which is famed for its historical value apart from the business end. Serious-minded and of the solid, quiet type, Les. Coward is a big man in every way—in stature and outlook. He represents all that is embodied in what we usually term "a great chap." A warm welcome awaits him by fellow members at any tick of the clock.

*Mr. Basil Wilson, of Tenandra Park.*

Basil Wilson, of Tenandra Park, Gundagai, is one of the best known graziers of the State.

A brother has seen fit to delve into politics, and has represented his district over a long period, but the Parliamentary bug has, thus far, not afflicted Basil to the same degree, although the trait of looking after the other fellow is evidently in the blood, as will be shown later on.

Basil is a son of the Lake Cowal

Wilsons, and the name in the pastoral industry has been respected for many years longer than the oldest resident can remember.

If the reader would like to see a *real* grazing property, he will find one if he cares to wander along the Murrumbidgee River between Gundagai and Wagga. En route he will stumble across Tenandra, which is ideal for medium wool, fat lambs and cattle. "Never cast away the old for the new" would appear to be the motto of Basil, for the original homestead stands to this day with all its glorious traditions connected with the earliest history of Australia's pastoral industry.

Although, as stated previously, Basil has not sought Parliamentary honours, he has interested himself very closely in Shire affairs, apart from paying close attention to such joyful outings as Picnic Races and all other forms of amusement which go to make life worth while. Also, if there be any movement on foot to make the lot of his fellow man more pleasant, Basil can be relied upon to be in the forefront. Never a charity scheme but our member will be marked among those present and his joviality and sincerity is only exceeded by his multitude of friends who enjoy his company every day, year in and year out.

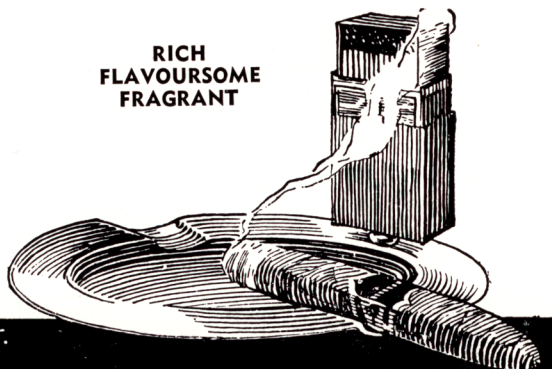
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## G.P.S. Produces Great Sprinters

*Ryan Wears Mantle of Barker, Carr, Carlton and Co.*

Once again the Great Public Schools' Athletic Championships have brought forth an outstanding sprinter, who is being proclaimed as nearly the best ever.

Good judges see in Bruce Ryan, of St. Joseph's College something right out of the box and talk of his prospects of representing Australia at the next Olympic Games.

Although there is so far no official news of any cancellation of the Olympiad set down for Helsingfors, Finland, in 1940, he would indeed be an optimist who tipped they will take place. Certainly war has upset these prospective 1940 Games, as never before.

Originally they were to have been in Japan, but the Japan-China hostilities doubtless was the deciding factor in Japan's dropping them.

Now it's Finland — and who knows?

It will be remembered that when war broke out in 1914 the next Games were set down for 1916 in Berlin, and there's no need to mention that they were never held.

Such things spell mighty hard luck for youngsters who have their hearts set on representing Australia, for however good they may be in one year its long odds against their retaining their form until the next Games are held four years later.

So it looks as if Ryan has come out at a bad time even if he proved good enough to represent Australia and in gaining that objective he would have keen opposition at any rate from another ex-G.P.S. star in Brian Dunn.

A glance at the records of the G.P.S. sprint shows that these schools have produced a long list of brilliant performers, boys who have in later years done duty on Olympic fields for their Motherland.

Featured recently in eulogistic references to Ryan's brilliance were two ex-G.P.S. stars in Nigel Barker and G. W. ("Slip") Carr, both of whom have run at Olympic Games

and should know what is required overseas.

At the unofficial Olympiad at Athens, Greece in 1906, Nigel Barker was third in the 100 metres and 400 metres.

Carr was a starter in the Games of 1924 at Paris and ran 4th in semi-finals of both the 100 and 200 metres races.

In 1928 at Amsterdam, one of the greatest, if not the greatest, sprinter ever produced by the G.P.S., Jimmy Carlton, did not get as far as Carr, but ran 11 secs. to finish fourth in the second round of the 100 metres and 22 4/5 secs. to gain third place in the second round of the 200 metres.

At those same games, Charlie Stuart, whose record for 880 yards still stands in the G.P.S. books, competed in the 400 and 800 metres events but was outclassed in the heats.

Maybe, too, there were other stars in the making at the G.P.S. sports and perhaps the pick of the bunch was Ron. Fagg, whose fine easy style won him the 880 yards in 2.2 — not extraordinarily good time, but he is just out of the Junior class and will certainly improve.

There can be no doubt that the G.P.S. exerts a powerful influence on our sporting activities, not alone on the tracks but in all branches of sport.

The recently returned Australian Rugby Union team, contained a good proportion of G.P.S. lads, and a swift look over the Olympic swimming teams puts the G.P.S. in a powerful position as far as notation goes.

Here are some of the ex-G.P.S. boys who swam for Australia:— 1900 (Paris)— F. C. V. Lane; 1912 (Stockholm)— W. Longworth; 1920 (Antwerp)— W. S. Herald; 1924 (Paris)— A. M. Charlton, M. Christie; 1928 (Amsterdam)— A. M. Charlton; 1932 (Los Angeles)— A. M. Charlton; 1936 (Berlin)— W. Kendall.

## Pool Splashes

The Swimming Club started its 1939-1940 season late last month with a 40 yards handicap and will contest events every Thursday until next July.

Races are set to start at 1-15 p.m. sharp and it is hoped that all members of past seasons will again show their paces as there's nothing like a race a week in the Pool to pep them up.

New members are cordially welcomed and should have their times taken for handicapping purposes before racing.

The "Dewar" Cup is the big trophy of the season and is presented to the swimmer gaining most points during the season.

Points are allotted as follows: 2 for a start; 3, 2 and 1 for first, second and third places in both heats and finals.

## Handball

*Davis is Club Champion.*

After being runner-up in the last two seasons to Block and Tebbutt, Eddie Davis realised his ambition of being Handball Champion by defeating Ivor Stanford in the final.

As the scores, 35-33, 33-31 indicate, the tussle was one of the hardest ever witnessed in the club and both players deserved the applause that greeted their efforts.

Quite as exciting was the "B" Grade championship final between John Buckle and J. Coen. Buckle won the first game by 31-27 but Coen turned the tables in the second, 31-26 and in a terrific third game in which both players fought like tigers, Buckle gained the honours by 31-28.

In the "C" Grade final W. G. Buckle convincingly defeated E. Bergin by 31-19, 31-18.

# The Melbourne Cup

## The First Melbourne Cup, 1861

There is nothing more interesting to the lover of racing than a glance through the ancient numbers of the "Turf Register." There appear the names and doings of horses only known to the present day racing man when seen in the tabulated pedigree of a winner of some important race. Without a doubt the Melbourne Cup is the national event of Australasia. It is strange that a handicap should attain such a place in the estimation of the people. In England, it is the Derby that stands pre-eminent and next comes the St. Leger. Now, if the Melbourne Cup were the Champion Race, one would not be surprised. No doubt, it is to the great amount of betting done in the gold field days that first brought the Cup into prominence. Money was plentiful and easily got. Then, as now, people were fond of a gamble, and, having the means, did so to their heart's content. The big bookmakers were always ready, and the tales of easily-won fortunes by backing the winner invested the race with a glamour which it has retained up to the present day. Except in the matter of added money, the conditions of the race are much the same now as then, though it is curious to read that the winner of the English Two Thousand Guineas, which was in that year Lord Stamford's Deophantus, by Orlando, would have been penalised 5lb extra had he been brought out and started. The conditions were as follows:

The Melbourne Cup, of 20 sovs., 10 sovs. forfeit, or 5 sovs. if declared, with 200 sovs. added. 2 miles. the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas to carry 5lb extra; of any handicap race of the value of 100 sovs. after the declaration of weights, 3lb extra; of two or more such races, 5lb extra; penalties not accumulative beyond 7lb.

Mr. E. De Mestre's b h Archer, 5 yrs., 9st 7lb (Cutts) .... 1

Mr. J. Henderson br h Mormon, 6yrs. 10st 1lb (Simpson) .... 2  
Mr. Wm. Pearson's bl g Prince, aged, 8st (Bishop) .... 3  
Mr. B. Warby's br c Antonelli, 3yrs., 6st 7lb (Cowan).  
Mr. T. Bavin's g g Flatcatcher, aged, 9st 3lb (Perkins).



MR. ETIE DE MESTRE,  
*Owner of Archer, the Winner of the First Melbourne Cup.*

Mr. G. Watson's bl g The Moor, aged, 8st 12lb (Waldock).  
Mr. J. Henderson ch m Despatch aged, 8st. 9lb (Morrison).  
Mr. E. De Mestre's b g Inheritor, aged, 8st 7lb (McCabe).  
Mr. Coldham's br m Twilight, aged, 7st. 12lb (Haynes).  
Mr. J. Coldham's b f Grey Dawn, 4yrs., 7st 12lb (Yeend).  
Mr. T. Bavin's br c Moscow, 4yrs., 7st 12lb.  
Mr. W. C. Yuille's g g Tory Boy, 4yrs., 7st 10lb (Cooke).  
Mr. J. Hume's bl m Black Bess, 6yrs., 7st 11lb (J. Monaghan).  
Mr. J. Henderson br f Medora, 3 yrs., 7st (J. Henderson).  
Mr. Henderson ch g Sorcerer, 3 yrs., 6st 9lb (Hughes).

Mr. W. C. Yuille's br c Eagle's Plume, 3yrs. 6st 7lb (Lankey).

Mr. Cole's rn g Fireaway, 3yrs., 6st 6lb (Howard).

Mr. E. Coleman's br f Lucy Ashton, 3yrs. 6st 4lb (Davis).

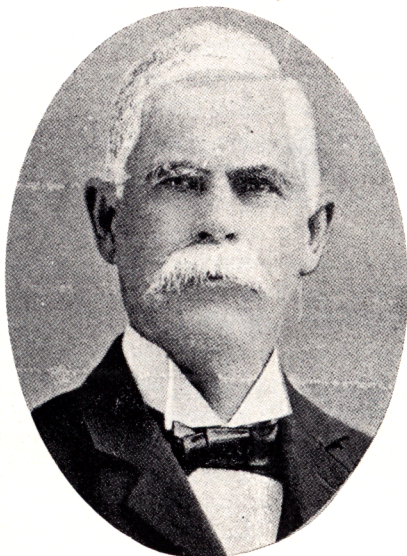
Eagle's Plume was weighed out and mounted, but after taking his preliminary canter was returned to the saddling paddock and sent straight home.

Betting: 7 to 2 against Mormon, 4 to 1 Despatch, 9 to 2 Tory Boy, 5 to 1 Archer, 8 to 1 Inheritor and Flatcatcher, 12 to 20 to 1 others.

Before starting Twilight bolted and went all round the course in fine style before she was pulled up.

After one false start the horses got away well together, Flatcatcher taking the lead, Archer next and then came Mormon, Medora, Prince and Despatch, the others in the ruck. As they rounded the turn into the straight Flatcatcher was two lengths ahead of Archer and the latter a length ahead of the field. At this point a lamentable accident occurred through Twilight, Medora and Despatch falling and of the three only Twilight rose, her rider sticking bravely to the reins. She, however, eventually got loose and careered away round the course. While the spectators hastily removed the injured jockeys and horses, the remaining fourteen runners dashed past the stand at a tremendous rate, the front rank being composed of Mormon, Archer, Fireaway and Antonelli. At the river side the two Sydney horses, Archer and Inheritor, were in front, but the latter soon beat a retreat and the light-weighted Antonelli became the immediate follower of the great Sydney crack, who, still forcing the pace past the Abattoirs, left a spreadeagled field behind him. As the New South Wales hero came on well away from his horses Mormon drew gradually forward and Tory

Boy fell back beaten. On entering the straight running, Antonelli hung out signals of distress and Prince supplanted him. The race



MR. T. LAMOND,  
*The Trainer of Archer.*

was virtually over a quarter of a mile from home, the Sydney horse coming in at last an easy winner by several lengths, Morman second, Prince third and Antonelli close up. Time, 3 min. 52 secs.



JOHNNY CUTTS,  
*The Jockey who rode Archer in the First Melbourne Cup.*

His full name was John Dillon, and for many years he kept the old Halfway House Hotel at Randwick.

## 1939 DERBY AND CUP

If anything were necessary to emphasise the hold that racing has on the Australian public, there is little need to look further than the record attendance at Caulfield on Cup day.

Wars may come and go, but evidently, from the viewpoint of the average Australian, racing must go on and even officials and people most concerned with the organisation at Caulfield were astounded by the size of the assemblage on the V.A.T.C.'s course.

Visitors from other States were in full force for the first event of the big Cups double, but it is not until Melbourne Cup time that the real influx commences. Despite the unsettled conditions on the other side of the world there is every indication that the Melbourne Cup attendance will be as fully representative as ever.

In fact, it would not surprise if another record went by the board on Cup day, that is, if the Caulfield Cup attendance was any criterion.

Not only does the Melbourne Cup dominate a racing year and provides the culminating point of the intense contests of the Spring, both in Sydney and Melbourne, but this year the V.R.C. meeting at Flemington will have other features.

The three-year-old position is interesting and while High Caste has been in the ascendant during the last few weeks, Gold Salute is reckoned to be a rising star, Reading is coming back into the firmament after a temporary eclipse, Beau Vite may re-establish himself and apparently the veteran, J. Scobie, has hopes that Lusson will be able to uphold the honour of Victoria.

Another interesting feature of the Spring has been the successes of mares, Feminist, who won the Metropolitan, and Rivette, the Caulfield Cup, and it is possible that one of their sex will carry off the Melbourne Cup, conceding also that neither of the pair named can be

ruled out of the big event despite their penalties for their earlier successes.

Differences of opinion concerning the three-year-olds are most marked, for despite High Caste's good deeds there remains still a peculiar prejudice against him. It would appear almost that from some angles the wish is father to the thought.

High Caste's duals with Reading have been a feature not only of this season but also of last Autumn and the honours practically are even. Unfortunately, Reading has had a slight setback but his trainer, J. T. Cush, is hopeful that his colt will be able to down High Caste again and add the Victoria Derby to the classic honours earned by Reading at Randwick.

High Caste, however, has gone on by leaps and bounds and definitely is a better colt now than he was in Sydney, so that the scales appear to be loaded in his favour.

Gold Salute's remarkable sale rather than his deeds have caused him to advance in the public eye, but his first success in Mr. A. E. Cooper's colours in the Burwood Handicap on Caulfield Cup Day confirmed to a degree some of the enhanced estimates of his ability. Whether he is up to the High Caste-Reading or even Beau Vite standard remains to be seen.

Beau Vite lost form after his successes of the early Spring, but the owner of the New Zealander, Mr. R. Stewart, and trainer T. R. George are more hopeful that Melbourne Cup racegoers still will see the real Beau Vite. Some keen judges of horses will not rate him as top class but his deeds at Flemington may prove them to be wrong.

No trainer in Australia knows more of the qualifications of a Derby colt than James Scobie and in Lusson he has at least a useful representative. Lusson won the South Australian Derby and while he is inferior to High Caste on two-year-old standards, there is no telling that he may be a better stayer over the long reaches at Flemington, his home course.

(Continued on page 18.)

# *For Better Health*

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# The First Australian Convoy

(By C.W.S.)

The Federal Government offering, on August 3rd, 1914, to raise a contingent of 20,000 men for service overseas, it became necessary to consider ways and means of transporting this large number and to arrange for their safe escort, for at that time several enemy warships, comprising a very powerful squadron, were somewhere in the Pacific. New Zealand had also offered a contingent, and it was owing to the uneasiness felt by the Dominion Government, when the enemy squadron appeared off Samoa on September 14, that delay in assembling the combined force at the rendezvous, Albany, was caused. There is no doubt there were good reasons for the delay, regrettable as it was, at the time. The Australian authorities had arranged for these transports to assemble at Albany on October 5th. After lengthy consultations between the two Governments and the British Admiralty, the Australian convoy was assembled at Albany by the 27th, the New Zealand convoy (10 ships) joining next day. I was serving in the cruiser Melbourne at that time, and no one who saw them will ever forget the fine sight the N.Z. transports made as they came into the harbour in two divisions, all painted grey. They were all commanded by Naval Reserve officers, and kept excellent station.

The ships of the Australian convoy, which made for the rendezvous independently, were some of the finest afloat, from the Euripides (15,000 tons), carrying 2,340 souls, to the small Saldanha (4,600 tons), carrying 50 officers and men and 200 horses. Their speed varied almost as much as their tonnage, from the 18 knots of the liners to the reported 10½ of the old Southern. Thinking of this since the war, I have often wondered what might have been the outcome of events had the Southern possessed her stated 10½ knots speed. We most certainly

should not have crossed the Emden's track at Cocos; more likely she would have crossed ours, and then it might have been an entirely different story.

Be that as it may, let's get back to the assembling point, Albany. During the arrivals of all these wonderful vessels, in this equally wonderful and spacious harbour, the cruiser Melbourne and other ships patrolled outside day and night. One very dark night a transport—I believe she was one of the Shire line—failed to answer our call, so we "touched off" a 6-inch practice shot well across her bows, for no risks could be taken at that time. I believe it was our first shot in the Great War.

On November 1st, in fine weather, this great and magnificent convoy, comprising 26 Australian and 10 New Zealand transports, left Australia. I believe I can confidently state that no other convoy of this size has ever before been assembled. Later in the war numbers of troops were brought across the Atlantic, but not a greater number of transports in a single convoy. It was a splendid sight, ship after ship, those old ships we had seen all over the world, and even served in some, the yellow funnels of the Orient line, the famous blue of the Alfred Holt line, the Shires, White Star, P. & O., Clan line, and many others of varied hues. They "took up their appointed station" in a seamanlike manner, and the greatest credit is due to their masters and engine-room staff. At all times 'tis the desire of a ship's captain and officers on watch to keep a good offing from any other ships at sea; and here were these vessels, sailing in divisions one mile apart, with four cables only between each ship. Again, ships such as these, leaving harbour on their usual voyages, proceed at a uniform speed, and the engine revolutions are set for a constant count; but not so

when in company in a "division" of a convoy. The Senior Naval Transport Officer, Captain A. Gordon Smith, R.N., in the Orvieta, ordered the course and speed, the latter being the fastest of the slowest ships. It was that of the poor old Southern, and it brought forth the classic remark from the captain of the Minotaur that "she should have been relegated to the obscurity from which she should never have emerged." The Southern took it all in good part; her master must have had a cheerful and humorous disposition, for his replies were always most optimistic—but this did not increase his speed much. I can still remember the efficient manoeuvring of the New Zealand ships when taking up positions in the convoy, their previous days together having taught them the difficulties of "station keeping." It was indeed a wonderful effect on the part of the engineers on board all these transports, and I can imagine their growlings and sarcasms when the "increase one revolution" or "decrease two revolutions" were frequently received.

Before dropping Albany astern I must mention a little known fact. The greatest secrecy was observed as to the route to be taken, and this was not definitely decided upon until the conference of senior naval officers was held on board the Minotaur. The P.M.G.'s Department had skilfully withheld all mails and cables during this period, and no information whatsoever of the convoy, or of its route, was known. After a conference, which was most secret, a casual remark from a visiting officer conveyed to us at least the route. This somehow reached the ears of the S.N.O., and a pretty pother was in the making. However, subsequent events in which this S.N.O. was concerned "washed out"

(Continued on page 18.)

WOOLFE'S MEAT MOVES



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# BILLIARDS

When It Is Right to Pot the Opposing White  
What is Meant by a "Half-Run-Through"

There can be no mistake that the 1939 Annual Billiards and Snooker tournaments awakened much interest among members. Usually interest wanes after the big events each year but this time a keenness is manifest and the engaging of a table is not the child's play it used to be. Members are making full use of the green cloth for relaxation.

Actually, tournaments make little difference in club affairs.

Members join in friendly combat for sheer enjoyment and one makes bold to submit that year in and year out there is no more harmonious atmosphere than that pervading the room wherein the ivories perform their clitter-clatter with ever varying effect.

There is a reason. No man worth his salt can be content to while away valuable time on anything that can be classed as "too easy." It is the difficulties to be overcome that make anything worth the effort and it has been proved over the years, billiards and snooker provide all the mental energy required to make one forget one's momentary troubles. But, the following query by a member is worthy a moment's consideration:

"Is it right and proper to 'pot' one's opponent?"

That was the question raised and the answer is a very definite affirmative.

When two players agree to test each other's skill it is incumbent on both to play to the limit of ability.

There is a common belief that the "friendly" game calls for care-free attitude. If we give the matter one moment of thought it will at once be observed that if a cueist refrains from giving of his best, same is tantamount to saying: "I can beat you any time, old chap, but, in this sort of game I am expected to make it a bit easier."

Were that attitude put into words a first class argument would ensue. It is all so unnecessary. Name me one member who has made it clear

he cannot take a beating and I will admit I am wrong. Personally I am sure you cannot.

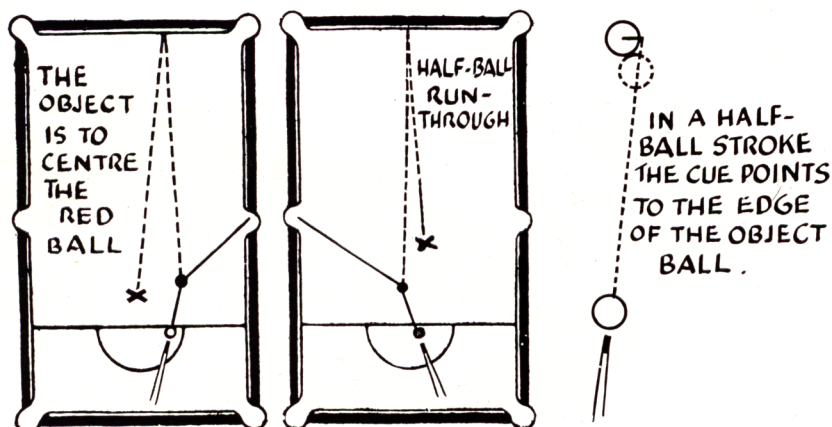
Whatever the score board may show at the end of a game matters not one iota to the individual. That is why men of wisdom join a club. It is good fellowship that counts; the scores are incidental.

Billiards is a great game, but a very exact one. You cannot afford to give way to that easy-going frame of mind which dismisses "the rig-

that friendly games should be allowed to develop into warlike affairs where each player sets about to "pot" his opponent and leave double-baulk. Far from it.

There is a middle course in everything, but the main thing to keep in mind is that it is the striker's objective to work the balls into scoreable positions and "losing" the opposing white does not always mean a penalty.

Main thing to remember is that



our of the game" with a friendly nod.

It is quite in order to give so many points start as may be deemed equitable to make a "sporting" game of it, but, once the balls have been set in motion the finger of scorn cannot rightly be pointed to anyone who plays the game for all it is worth.

Give as much advice as you like. Better still, as much as you can if you are the stronger player, but do not deteriorate your own play by adopting too "friendly" an attitude.

Supposing the striker is in hand, the red ball on the "spot" and the opposing white dead plumb over the centre pocket.

The player who refrained from potting the white and playing for position on the red for a succession of hazards, does, in effect, belittle his opponent.

It is not argued, or even hinted,

is pays to "sink" the other white only when same provides a stepping stone to your scoring proclivities.

## Selecting the Right Scoring Stroke.

That brings us to another phase: The selection of the right stroke when one or more are on offer.

Depicted on this page will be found two hazard shots which can be relied on to crop up a dozen or more times in every game.

In each instance the striker can please himself as to which pocket he will drive the cue-ball after contact with the object ball, but, as the late Fred Weiss so often remarked during the period he was Australian Professional Champion, "there are perhaps a thousand ways of scoring but one way is better than the other nine hundred and ninety-nine—that is why I like to take time to study positions from all angles."

(Continued on page 17.)



Alex Gurney, "The Melbourne Herald's" brilliant cartoonist, gives us this impression of his favourite phrase, "No thanks, I'd rather have a Red Capstan."

# Better Buy CAPSTAN



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10 for 6d. - 20 for 1/- - - - Also flat and round fifties and hundreds

(Continued from Page 15.)

Weiss was right. Lack of thought or concentration on the job in hand will cause sudden break-down where all appeared so simple.

In the examples shown, the objective is to play in-off red and make certain same will travel up and down table in central position.

Too thick a contact will drive it toward the side cushion and trouble in a big way lurks over the horizon. Contrariwise, too thin a stroke will "flick" the red into the safety zone on the opposite side of the table.

Both shots in the diagrams require a "half run-through" which will have the effect of centralising the red ball for easy position on the following stroke.

The drawing on the extreme right is self explanatory. It shows exactly what is meant by a "half run-through." In this case the cue-tip is pointed to the extreme edge of the object-ball. This is one of the key shots of the game, and, once mastered, will open the way to century runs and even more enjoyment on the green cloth than you have probably had to date.

## RACING FIXTURES

### NOVEMBER.

Kensington	.....	Wednesday, 1st
Canterbury Park	.....	Saturday, 4th
Victoria Park	.....	Wednesday, 8th
Moorefield	.....	Saturday, 11th
Ascot	.....	Wednesday, 15th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	.....	Saturday, 18th
Rosebery	.....	Wednesday, 22nd
Rosehill	.....	Saturday, 25th
Hawkesbury	.....	Wednesday, 29th

### DECEMBER.

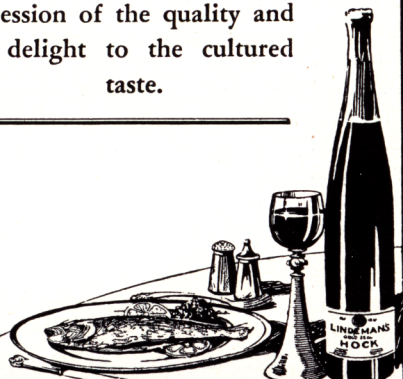
Canterbury Park	.....	Saturday, 2nd
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	.....	Wed., 6th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	.....	Saturday, 9th
Kensington	.....	Wednesday, 13th
Rosehill	.....	Saturday, 16th
Victoria Park	.....	Wednesday, 20th
Australian Jockey Club	.....	Saturday, 23rd
Australian Jockey Club	.....	Tuesday, 26th (Boxing Day)
Kensington	.....	Wednesday, 27th
Tattersall's	.....	Saturday, 30th

1940.

### JANUARY.

Tattersall's	.....	Monday, 1st
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### TATTERSALL'S CLUB

## New Year's Eve FESTIVAL ... and ... DANCE

SATURDAY, 30th DEC.

1939.

## THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN CONVOY

(Continued from Page 13.)

any reference to this little incident. Captain von Muller subsequently stated that had he been aware of the proximity of the convoy he would have made a night attack on it; and although orders in case of attack were issued, the probable results are pleasanter to imagine than they would have been had the Emden got among the transports.

But to return to the departure. The Australians proceeded in three "divisions"; the first, in the centre, led by the Orvieto; the second, to port, led by the Wiltshire; the third, to starboard, led by the Euripides. The New Zealand ships followed in two divisions, astern of the Australians, their first division led by the Maunganui, their second by the Arawa. Two days later the Medic and the Ascanius, escorted by the Ibuki, which had gone ahead to Fremantle to escort them, joined the convoy.

The escort was placed as follows: Five miles ahead of the centre division was the Minotaur, with the S.N.O. (Captain E. B. Kiddle, R.N.) in command; four miles to starboard was the Japanese battleship Ibuki; and four miles to port the cruiser Sydney—both being abreast of the leading transports of their respective divisions; five miles astern of the New Zealanders was the Melbourne.

The lines of transports were seven miles in length, and it was just as well the Melbourne was five miles astern, for at daylight, during the earlier days, we sometimes saw a string of ships abreast, and even astern, of us! It is easy to imagine the concern of both masters and officers on watch at night, with only the faintest of stern lights to follow, giving themselves the benefit of the doubt and dropping back a bit, forgetting the other fellow astern; this would follow all through the division, but the daylight rush "to take up their appointed station" was very amusing to watch. It was soon noticeable, however, how improved the station-keeping became with experience, and there was no difficulty after ships had been in close com-

pany for a few days and nights. After this there were but few annoyances, such as the throwing overboard of empty cases, bits of paper and even bottles, which came floating by us, and brought forth reports from us and instructions from the S.N.O.

And so the convoy—38 ships, conveying 28,000 men—proceeded in splendid weather, steering to the north-west. On November 8 the Minotaur left in a hurry for South Africa, the fateful Battle of Coronel causing her diversion to The Cape. She turned over to Melbourne, which now became S.N.O. of the escort, a little black japanned box of despatches. This box was subsequently the source of much ribald comment, for its prototype was frequently transferred to other ships taking over "S.N.O." duties from Melbourne.

With the departure of the Minotaur, the distribution of the escort was altered, Melbourne taking position at the head of the convoy. This left the rear unguarded. The Ibuki, in spite of all efforts to eliminate the trouble, smoked furiously from her funnels at most times. In consequence, our position must have been visible for at least 20 miles.

Convoy orders gave strict instructions as to unnecessary smoke, use of wireless and the dimming of lights. But there are always people who ignore instructions, and if they alone suffered for the results no one would worry much, but where the safety of the whole convoy might be jeopardised, such acts of disobedience are highly dangerous. Frequent signals were made drawing attention to the dumping by transports of rubbish and empty cases, which could so easily be sighted by an enemy crossing our track, also the careless screening of lights and even the use of wireless on the "buzzer." All went well, however, until November 9th at, I believe, 6.40 a.m., and thereby hangs another tale.

"Reveille."

## THE MELBOURNE CUP.

(Continued from Page 11.)

Rivette has captured the hearts of Victorians, to a degree because she held off the invaders in the Caulfield Cup, but also mainly because of her honesty and sterling worth. She has been called quite erroneously the little mare—but actually she stands nearly 16 hands and her symmetrical lines give a false impression of her size. Possibly she was lucky to beat Respirator in the Caulfield Cup, but Messrs. Tancred Bros.' four-year-old will have his revenge in the Melbourne Cup—if he is good enough, and his trainer, J. T. Jamieson will see to his fitness.

Not a few keen judges expect a mare to carry on the good work in the big two miler. Which one will it be? Rivette, Feminist, Cooranga or Ortelle's Star? Rivette and Feminist have prior claims on recent form but there are quite a few who are looking to S. R. Lamond's sturdy charge, Cooranga, to fill the bill. Cooranga is likely to be a better mare by Cup time than earlier in the Spring.

Ortelle's Star is also a proved stayer and as she was third in last year's Cup, greater honours will not be undeserved next month. She will be fit for the gruelling two miles.

Cup regulars have had some sharp surprises in recent years with Wotan and Catalogue and a long priced winner is on the cards again. This year's race is brimful of possibilities. Old Catalogue is on the scene again for an attempt on his second Cup, and amazing as it may seem, this nine-year-old gelding looks younger and more sprightly than he did a year ago.

Mosaic will be ready to add the Melbourne Cup to the Sydney Cup—a notable double in one year if it can be achieved by lessee-trainer Jim Abbs.

Lesser lights abound, but not to be dismissed lightly after the lessons of Wotan and Catalogue, and this year's Cup may be the third occasion to prove the rule of anything can happen in racing.

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- **THAT** Duo - Therapy Treatment is now available to members in the Athletic Department.
- **THAT** you cannot find a more comfortable home than the Club when the family is away. Moderate rates, continuous service.

## The Mother State

A Chateau Tanunda Historical Feature.

SERIES No. 42



(Govt. Printer Photo.)

View of portion of Port Stephens

### THE A. A. COMPANY

THE Australian Agricultural Company was undoubtedly the most outstanding feature in the early commercial history of New South Wales, being the first attempt to exploit the natural resources of this country on a really ambitious scale. The Australian Agricultural Company was of a magnitude rare in the early years of the nineteenth century, having a capital of £1,000,000, made up of 10,000 shares of £100 each, and numbered among its principal members the Attorney-General and Solicitor-General of England, twenty-eight members of the English Parliament, as well as a great number of prominent citizens of both England and Australia. Foremost among the latter were Captain John Macarthur (pictured in small oval) and members of his family, who were numbered among the holders of the largest numbers of shares.

IN fact, a great amount of the credit for the formation of the company must be given to the Macarthur family, especially so in view of the fact that it was largely due to the success which attended Captain John Macarthur's pioneering efforts in the breeding of fine wool sheep that the idea of forming such a company was conceived. The first formal meeting of the promoters of the project took place in April, 1824, at the chambers of John Macarthur Junior, Lincoln's Inn, London.

IN the wide range of objects presented, during modern times, to commercial enterprise, reads the plan of the company, "there is, perhaps, none that holds out the prospect of greater national benefit, or of more certain individual emolument, than the plan for extending cultivation and producing wool of the finest quality in New South Wales. This colony . . . is remarkable for the fineness and salubrity of its climate, the vast extent of its pastures, and for yielding the richest products of the temperate zone in almost every variety. It is well calculated for the growth of Timber, Wheat, Tobacco, Hemp, Flax, and Fruits of numerous kinds, amongst which are the Olive, Grape, Fig, Mulberry, Guava, Almond, Peach, Citron, and Orange. But of all its various productions, that for which the soil and climate are peculiarly calculated, and the cultivation of which promises the most lucrative returns, and the most extensive commercial advantage is fine wool . . ."

IN return for the investment of this enormous capital in New South Wales, the Australian Agricultural Company was to

receive a grant of one million acres of land selected by the company in a locality considered suitable for the plans of the organisation. In addition to the production of fine wool, the Australian Agricultural Company planned to produce "Cattle and other Livestock, and the raising of Corn, Tobacco, etc." It was also considered that the company would stimulate immigration as well as absorbing into useful industry a great number of convicts in the colony. The first agent of the company, Robert Dawson, arrived in Sydney on November 15, 1825, with two ships chartered to bring to New South Wales the first employees and stock imported for the great enterprise, consisting of 25 men, 14 women 40 children, 720 sheep, 12 cattle, and 7 horses. Other stock was to be purchased locally.

IT was Robert Dawson, acting in conjunction with a local committee, who selected a great tract of some one million acres extending from Port Stephens to the Manning River. The headquarters of the company were built on the shores of Port Stephens. This site did not prove a good one for the purposes of the company, since the greater part of the land was not suitable for the production of fine wool; there was also a great deal of local opposition to the company (largely because of the competition in respect of assigned servants), so that a few years after its foundation the Australian Agricultural Company appeared to be running headlong to ruin. So alarming did the situation become that in 1829 Sir Edward Parry was sent out as sole manager of the company, replacing Robert Dawson and the local committee. He condemned the greater part of the Port Stephens grant, and was successful in obtaining a great tract of land on the Liverpool Plains to replace part of the original grant. In 1830, too, the Australian Agricultural Company was given a grant of some 2000 acres of coal land at Newcastle and what amounted to a virtual monopoly of the coal industry for over thirty years. From this time the affairs of the company prospered, until, during the middle of last century, it was decided to sell portion of its estates. From the fifties it settled down into a regular part of the growing commercial life of Australia its various interests gradually being disposed of when they no longer proved of value or when their sale offered greater profit.



## TATTERSALL'S GOLF CLUB

The October outing of the club was held at The Lakes Golf Club on the 19th, when a Stableford Par Competition was decided.

The weather was ideal for golf, and many good cards were handed in by both long and short markers.

The A Grade Trophy resulted in W. A. McDonald, E. S. Pratt, and C. W. Macleod tying.

The B Grade Trophy also resulted in M. Polson, W. Ditfort and P. Schwarz tying: Hon. Treasurer W. Ditfort winning the trophy, which was decided by the coin.

C Grade was won by A. Wolfensberger.

The point score competition for the W. M. Gollan Cup, which concludes at the next outing to be held, is being strenuously contested, and each outing sees changes in the placings. Only a few points separate most of the leading division, and it is quite possible for some of those whose names appear low down on the list to win this coveted trophy in the first year of competition. It has helped considerably to add greater interest in all outings held, and the Committee of the Golf Club heartily thank Mr. Gollan for his very generous gesture in presenting this trophy.

The results of the last outing are as follows:—

	Points
W. A. McDonald .....	35
E. S. Pratt .....	35
C. W. Macleod .....	35
W. Ditfort .....	32
M. Polson .....	32
P. Schwarz .....	32
A. Wolfensberger .....	30

W. M. Gollan Cup leaders' Point Scores to date:—

	Points
R. C. Cathels .....	8½
W. A. McDonald .....	7½
C. W. Macleod .....	7½
J. A. Fraser .....	7½
W. Ditfort .....	6½
E. A. Nettlefold .....	6
H. H. Robinson .....	6

## THE SPORT *of* KINGS WAS TENNIS

From the fourteenth to the eighteenth century the kings of Europe not only watched tennis but played it themselves; Henry VIII, until he was too fat to waddle across the court, bet heavily on himself and usually lost; Henry IV of France—Henry of Navarre—dashed about all day in a torn shirt and cheap breeches until he was so tired that he compared himself to an old donkey whose legs have failed him. Young Henry V of England had been such a playboy with Falstaff and other tosspots that when he came to the throne the French Dauphin sent him a barrel of tennis balls as a hint that he was fit for nothing else.

At Hampton Court Palace, near London, you may still see the indoor court on which many of the early English monarchs romped, for until the late nineteenth century, tennis was played indoors or on a walled court and had resemblances to our modern squash or rackets game.

And did players take the game seriously in those days! We read of two noble lords, the Earls of Southampton and Montgomery, falling out over a game in 1610 so violently that "their rackets flew about their ears." Try to imagine Don Budge and Fred Perry beating each other up with rackets!

Even the ancient Greeks and Persians liked to throw a ball about, and by the twelfth or thirteenth century players were smacking it back and forth to each other with their hands, as in modern handball. Then a barrier, the predecessor of the net, was set up between the players and in the fourteenth century the game began to look a bit more like modern tennis.

Of course, there were no hollow rubber balls then; the medieval balls were covered with leather or cloth and stuffed with wool, hair or what not. Shakespeare reveals that barbers sold the flowing beards occasionally mowed from patrons' faces to tennis-ball makers. In

"Much Ado About Nothing" Claudio says of Benedick, who has recently sacrificed his whiskers: "The old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis balls."

Some folks found that whacking such a ball for an hour or so was hard on the hands, and so wore a glove. Even that wasn't enough for many tender palms and in the fourteenth century a bright lad in Italy thought of stretching four or five leather strings across the glove, so that with the fingers slightly bent the shock of the stroke fell upon this crude little net—and there was the germ of the tennis racket. Of course, it was an easy step from that to moving the leather strung glove off the hand and putting a handle on it, though for the next three centuries the handle was so short that a modern player couldn't have done much with it.

Finally in 1873 people began to play tennis outdoors in England, and the modern game was developed.

In May, 1874, Miss Mary Outerbridge, member of a prominent family in Bermuda, came over to New York with a net and some rackets and balls and introduced the game for the first time to America. It was at first taken up largely by society folk and, not being played as strenuously as it is now, often appeared as mixed doubles, with ladies in long skirts and corsets waving ineffectual rackets at the ball. It was regarded by the laity as pretty feeble stuff.

"The elegant and dignified pastime of lawn tennis," wrote an editor of 1880, "will be languidly indulged in as usual by the snobs and lah-de-dahs at Newport this summer."

Some of the scoffers actually didn't discover until the advent of professional tennis what a really terrific game it can be. No male tennis fan need feel apologetic for the game that was played by Benvenuto Cellini and Henry of Navarre.

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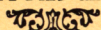
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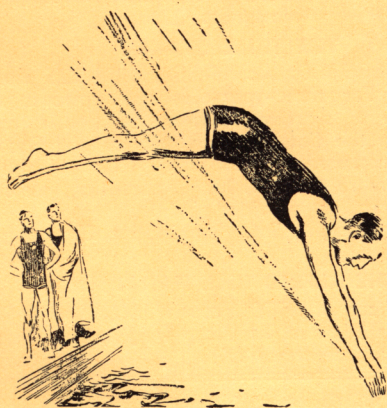
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# TATTERSALL'S CLUB

## SYDNEY

### ANNUAL RACE MEETING

## Saturday, Dec. 30 || Monday, Jan. 1

1939                      1940

### PROGRAMME

#### FIRST DAY : SATURDAY, 30th DECEMBER, 1939.

##### THE HURDLE RACE.

A Handicap of £300; second £50, third £25 from the prize. The winner of any Hurdle Race or Steeplechase after the declaration of weights to carry 7lb. extra. Nomination 10/-; acceptance 10/-. About One Mile and Three-quarters.

##### THE JUVENILE STAKES.

A Handicap of £500; second £80, third £40 from the prize. For Two-year-olds. Nomination £1; acceptance £4. Five Furlongs.

##### THE CARRINGTON STAKES.

A Handicap of £1,300; second £200, third £100 from the prize. The winner of The Villiers Stakes or The Summer Cup, 1939, to carry such additional weight, if any, as the handicapper shall determine (not exceeding 10lb.). Nomination £1; acceptance £12. Six Furlongs.

(Nominations close at 4 p.m. on Monday, November 20th.)

##### THE NOVICE HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £300; second £50, third £25 from the prize. For all horses which have never at time of starting won a flat race or races (Maiden Race excepted) of the total value to the winner of more than £50. Nomination £1; acceptance £2. One Mile.

##### THE PACE WELTER.

A Handicap of £500; second £80, third £40 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 8st. Nomination £1; acceptance £4. One Mile.

##### THE DENMAN HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £500; second £80, third £40 from the prize. Nomination £1; acceptance £4. One Mile and a Quarter.

#### SECOND DAY : MONDAY, 1st JANUARY, 1940.

##### THE MAIDEN HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £300; second £50, third £25 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. For maiden horses at time of starting. Nomination £1; acceptance £2. Seven Furlongs.

##### THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

A Handicap of £500; second £80, third £40 from the prize. Nomination £1; acceptance £4. Seven Furlongs.

##### THE NURSERY HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £500; second £80, third £40 from the prize. For Two-year-olds. Nomination £1; acceptance £4. Five and a Half Furlongs.

##### TATTERSALL'S CLUB CUP.

A Handicap of £1,500; second £250, third £125 from the prize. The winner of The Villiers Stakes, The Summer Cup, or The Carrington Stakes, 1939, to carry such additional weight, if any, as the handicapper shall determine (not exceeding 10lb.). Nomination £1; acceptance £14.

One Mile and a Half.

(Nominations close at 4 p.m. on Monday, November 20th.)

##### THE TRIAL STAKES.

A Handicap of £300; second £50, third £25 from the prize. For three-year-olds and upwards which, at time of starting, have never won a race or races on the flat (Maiden, Novice and Encourage Races excepted) of the total value to the winner of more than £100. Apprentice riders only; allowances as provided by Rule 109. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. Nomination £1; acceptance £2. One Mile.

##### THE ALFRED HILL HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £500; second £80, third £40 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. Nomination £1; acceptance £4. One Mile.

Nominations for Minor Events for the above meeting are to be made with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney; the Secretary, N.J.C., Newcastle; or Mr Gordon Lockington, 491 Bourke Street, Melbourne, before 4 p.m. on MONDAY, 18th DECEMBER, 1939; and shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, By-Laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the Nominator agrees to be bound.

Penalties.—In all flat races (The Carrington Stakes and Tattersall's Club Cup excepted) a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after declaration of weights, viz:—When the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb.

Weights for Minor Events to be declared as follows:—

For First Day, at 10 a.m. on Wednesday, 27th December; and for Second Day, at 7 p.m. on Saturday, 30th December, 1939.

Acceptances are due with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club only as follows:—

For all races on the First Day and Tattersall's Club Cup before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 28th December, 1939, and

For all races on the Second Day (Tattersall's Club Cup excepted) before 9 p.m. on Saturday, 30th December, 1939.

The Committee reserve the power from time to time to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the date of running, the sequence of the races, time of starting, and the time for taking nominations, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances; and in the event of the false rail being used, races will be run at "ABOUT" the distances advertised.

157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

T. T. MANNING, Secretary.